

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 13 to 15
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 18,410.

THE SUBWAY'S COST IN LIVES.

The rapid transit tunnel, though still far from completion, has cost the lives of forty-one human beings. It seems an exorbitant price to pay, even for an engineering undertaking of such magnitude.

If at the time of the signing of the contracts the great number of deaths fated to occur could have been foreseen, would public sentiment have sanctioned the enterprise? The occurrence of an accident entailing such loss of life after the beginning of train operation would create a feeling of distrust of the tunnel not to be overcome in years.

Yet during the period of time in which these deaths took place fully 4,000 other New Yorkers lost their lives by accident in some form. In a city in which the Police Department registers 10,000 ambulance calls in a year the imminence of sudden and violent death is terrifying.

But if sentimental considerations about the lives to be sacrificed were to influence the projectors of great structural enterprises, all progress in this line would of necessity cease. We should have neither the Brooklyn nor the East River bridge, nor other great works of public usefulness. Has any skyscraper been built without the expectation of death's tithe? One wonders how large the list of dead will be in the Pennsylvania's new tunnel.

The engineering and architectural triumphs which are victories of peace no less renowned than war, bridges, subways, tunnels, cathedrals, Waldorf-Astoria hotels, are not won without a tribute of killed and wounded which when expressed in the aggregate startles the unthinking.

THE MAKING OF A COLLEGE

What constitutes a college as colleges now are is not alone its buildings and professors.

The athletic ground has become of prime importance with the campus. There is Harvard with its "Soldiers' Field," surpassing, it is believed, anything of the kind in the world—a field on which there is in course of construction a stadium after old Greek models which will cost a quarter of a million dollars! Spectators will sit in a steel and stone amphitheatre to view, in as much state as the Romans their imperial games, the contests of baseball and football teams.

This fall is seeing the evolution of Columbia into a full-blown college with a football team that ranks her among the great universities. Amherst after her Harvard victory downed by a score of 12 to 0, Pennsylvania the next week worsted by 18 to 6! This was man's work, deserving university honors, justifying university standing.

Decidedly, it is not only the Whitneys and the Lounsburies who make a college, it is the Morleys and Sanfords and Hefelfingers. They teach without text-books, but their courses of instruction rebound to Alma Mater's glory and bring it a bigger entering class the next year.

This is the coach's commencement season, when his pupils pass their examinations. A touchdown in their thesis, a 100-yard run their "honorable mention" and the gridiron their graduating platform. It is only the truth to say that the exercises exceed in interest for the general public the formal college commencements in June.

MIGHT OF LITTLE THINGS.

It appears that Ibsen wanted to be a drug clerk, but was pronounced incompetent. Keats turned from drugs to poetry. The curious may speculate as to whether Ibsen had he once gone behind the prescription counter would have emerged into literature.

Many great men have confessedly had their life occupation influenced by a seeming trifle of chance—by one of the little things which Amiel called "the causes of great things." If Henry Ward Beecher had been elected railway superintendent, as he aspired to be and as he came within one vote of being, Plymouth pulpit might never have been known across the Bridge. But would the great energy and intellect thus employed have given the world a railway king of an earlier era?

What would have been the fate of John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell if they had become American citizens as they expected and desired to become? They had gone on board ship together to sail for what is now Rhode Island when an order in council forbade further departures to the new country. Had they come King Charles would in all probability have saved his head. But would the colonies have developed in Cromwell a "bigger man than Washington," a colonial Colossus?

The youth who sets out to accomplish a fixed ambition in life discovers that destiny orders these things better than his puny powers can hope to do. Garfield, who aspired to rise to be a canal-boat captain, found it so.

But does not a serious contemplation of this might of little things to influence a career lend countenance to the prevalent belief in superstition as contributing to change destiny?

THE AMERICAN GIRL AGAIN.

Yesterday we had the State Assembly of Mothers in convention declaring the American girl an invalid. "Where," it was asked, "is the real, splendid, healthy woman?"

Now from the same critical source comes the charge that "young women to-day affect atrocious attitudes," for which "Charles Dana Gibson and other artists whose specialty is the American girl," are held responsible. The Gibson pose, it is asserted, "is brimful of self-consciousness and angularity the ill effects of which it will take thousands of gymnasts and physical instructors to undo."

Is the matronly point of view unbiased? It seems to the young man, and the elder also, that these very affectations which excite displeasure in motherly eyes lend an added charm to young womanhood. They give a style and a distinction, a tone the absence of which we should miss, and rather than regretting our Gibsons perhaps we ought to desire more of them.

Of course, when the masculine eye sizes up the Gibson man, it detects limitations which make the mothers' criticism of the Gibson girl understandable. But the artist might say, and the excuse would be satisfactory, that he has created these types for the approbation of the other sex, not for that of their own.

Business to Order.—A thriving manufacture of antique parchments showing a princely pedigree has been discovered in the Caucasus. Certificates of high lineage were furnished to any one having the price, and the season's stock of parchments is very large. A pretty lettered parchment bought by a youth of good address might be worth half a million in the American matrimonial market.

Little Boy Black. He Makes a Miserable Quarter Hour for a Swell Young Man.

\$10 Will Be Paid by The Evening World on Acceptance for the Happiest Name for Little Boy Black Suggested by Any Reader. Address Suggestions to "Little Boy Black, Evening World, New York City."



The McIntyre Jamboree.

A Welsh Rabbit Party and the Villainy of "The Man Who Butted In."

THERE was a jamboree at the McIntyre Flat the other night for the reason that The Misus was one year nearer second childhood. There was about a dozen people there, but this story concerns only one guest, the Man Who Butted In.

It was after every one had "spoke his little piece" that the company boarded a trolley car which took them to the other end of the elongated McIntyre Flat.

Arrived at the dining-room a Welsh Rabbit was proposed. The eyes of The Man Who Butted In gleamed with satisfaction. He offered to make the rabbit. Said he was an expert. Experts rare. Motion carried and so ordered.

While the rabbit was being prepared by the Man Who Butted In the Man Who Wasn't Invited to the party opened the beer. Everybody thought at that juncture that he was a fine fellow, especially when he refilled his own stein and improvised an appropriate chorus to the well-known air of "Dooley's First Five O'Clock Tea."

Is it one stein? Or two steins? Partake of the rabbit from Wales. Sure, Fanny, the beer's short. Run out and get several pails.

The whole entertainment knocks Dooley's First Five O'Clock Tea. For a high-toned Birthday Upheaval is McIntyre's Jamboree!

In the mean time nobody was noticing the peculiar method employed by the Man Who Butted In in the preparation of the rabbit. In the most furtive, covert manner he was emptying the contents of vest pocket vials and pill boxes into the bubbling Welsh.

Then followed a heavenly seance of beer-trimmed rabbit fringed with song. The Man Who Butted In (lovely rabbit he made!) kindly assisted the Man Who Wasn't Invited to the street car, and the Man Who Wasn't Invited slept peacefully thereon until 3 A. M., when he awoke with a shiver. At precisely the same hour Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre, the Vans, the Jamnations and all the guests were shrieking likewise. All except the Man Who Butted In.

In the morning the telephone hummed. Each guest had a weird tale to tell of having been pursued through space at 3 A. M. by a million evil-headed monsters, all with hairy bodies, rabbit ears and a human face not unlike that of House (the Man Who Butted In).

The mystery was partly explained by a card which each guest received that evening. The card read as follows:

C. M. House, M. D. (Old Dr. House), begs to announce to the residents of this section that he will practise from now on at his new office, No. 318 West—tenth street, and respectfully solicits your patronage. Specialist in stomach troubles. Chronic indigestion. Habits cured or money refunded.

CHALMERS.

NO DANGER.
"Don't you ever get to feeling nervous for fear your husband may fall in love with his typewriter lady?"
"Oh, no; not at all. She's my mother."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

AWFUL ALTERNATIVE.
"Oh, Aunt Rachel, we are facing the most terrible alternative you ever heard of!"
"What is the matter, Becky?"
"The janitor of the building wants to marry our Amelia. She can't bear the sight of him—but how can we ever dare to run the risk of offending him?"—Chicago Tribune.

ELECTRIC FANS.
A motor fan should be placed near an open window or other opening where it can draw fresh air. If in a corner or centre of a room it simply stirs up foul air.

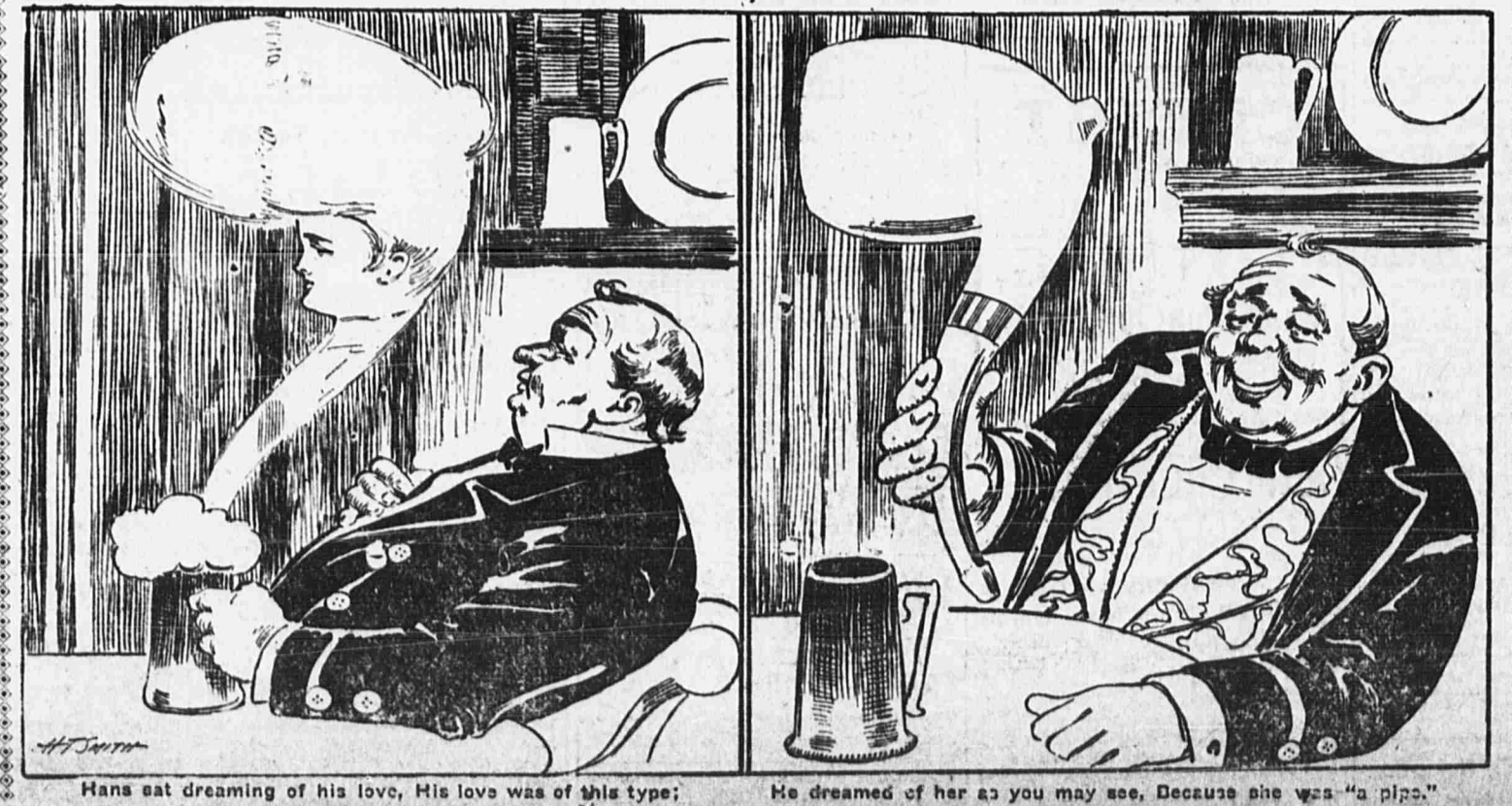
SAVING ENERGY.
Such has been the improvement in engine boilers and fire-boxes that the power derived from a pound of coal to-day is nearly three times as great as it was fifty years ago.

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Upbraids a White W n s in Miss Sixfoot's Presence, and Ends the Affair Ingloriously Among the Sweepings.



The One Hans Loved the Best.



The Man Higher Up.

Public Men and Their Cigarettes.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the sexton of a church in Brooklyn tried to give William Travers Jerome the run because William Travers ignited a cigarette in the lobby of the edifice."

"Didn't Jerome do the right thing?" asked the Man Higher Up. "Didn't he act like a perfect gentleman? He had a license to take hold of the sexton's whiskers, wabble them with his right hand and ejaculate 'B-a-a-a!' He could have filled those whiskers with smoke and then hollered 'Fire!' in a highly humorous manner. But, what did he do? He threw the cigarette on the floor and put the fire out with his foot. Then he went in and made a hot speech."

"Of course the Tammany spliers will take hold of this incident and use it as campaign goods. They will quote it to show that Jerome gets his arguments from his lungs, and that they are painted by whatever nicotine there is in cigarettes. But Jerome will go on smoking cigarettes and making speeches and standing for being called a liar and calling other people liars and making good with audiences that like to be amused."

"Jerome is not the only man in public life who smokes cigarettes. Of course you are opposed to the cigarette habit, because your profit on a package is so small that you couldn't feel it if you put it in your eye. Shameful as it is, however, the cigarette habit is growing."

"Neither Mayor Low nor George McClellan smokes cigarettes, but Corporation Counsel Rives does. There are very few men before the public who won't take a chance at a cigarette at a banquet. Go up to the Waldorf-Astoria any night when the cut is shifted from the shadow of Trinity Church to Thirty-fourth street and you will see a lot of high financial lights making smokehouses out of their bellows."

"Opponents of the habit may quote this as an argument against cigarettes. There is certainly ground for belief that the inhaling of cigarette smoke results in eclipse of the brain when the revelations about high finance in Wall street that have been uncovered of late are considered. But neither Nixon nor Dresser smokes cigarettes, while Max Pam—who made them look like a man ordering a half portion in Rector's—occasionally takes a fall out of a paper cigar."

"John Delany, Mr. McClellan's campaign manager, is not a cigarette fiend, but don't you ever drop dead if you see him with a cigarette in his mouth. They say that he writes Mr. McClellan's speeches. You would be surprised to know how many lawyers go against the cigarette game. I have seen Joseph Choate smoke a cigarette, but it was at a banquet. If my recollection isn't full of nails, I have seen Chauncey Depew with a cigarette in his face and apparently enjoying it. Our greatest authors and actors smoke cigarettes, but you never saw a Tammany leader with a cigarette fastened to his visage. You never saw a policeman smoke a cigarette, unless he was a plain-clothes man trying to disguise himself. Truckmen and longshoremen don't smoke cigarettes. Every young man in the Elmira Reformatory has cigarette stains on his fingers when he is admitted."

"Do you think that cigarette smoking puts a crimp in the intellect?" inquired the Cigar Store Man.

"Well," answered the Man Higher Up, "I've known people to hit the pipe for years and it didn't seem to put their mentality on the plot; but, of course, I don't know what they had to start with."

An Apology.

I CAN'T be strictly truthful
If I'm forever bound.
To make everybody welcome
Who comes a-lovin' 'round.
To pretend I'm glad to see 'em
When 'tis all a monstrous lie.
Now, who'll be punished for it?
I'm not to blame, am I?
You shouldn't blame a sinner
Who abominates his sin.
When people come to dinner
I'm obliged to see 'em in.
And pretend I'm glad to see 'em
When I certainly am not.
But I do not fear the future,
For I'm punished on the spot.
—CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.